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Title: Battling the Ancient Wyrn

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Hello friend! In my position as house scribe to Lord Raven I hear many interesting tales. Here is one of my favorites:

... Lord Thorn wipes the Deamon blood from his blade. Eyeing the trees carefully he nudges Valor along the narrow pass at the south end of Deamon Alley. The warhorse whinnies nervously and Thorn readies his sword and draws his shield across his chest. A low rumbling comes from the trees ahead. Thorn realizes an Ancient Wyrn has come out of the cave and is taking a drink of water along the shore. A Deamon also lurks near the rocks. "This may be difficult." Thorn whispers to his trusty steed. Attracting the attention of the Deamon without dragging over the Wyrn is a challenge so Thorn uses his years of training to execute an exact military maneuver. He tosses a chicken leg and smacks the Deamon squarely on the side of the head. As the Deamon heads towards him, the Wyrn slurps at the water with it's massive tongue, undisturbed. Thorn leads the deamon around the rocks and dispatches it quickly. Realizing that

his weapon is unsuited  
for the Wyrn, Lord  
Thorn heads to the gypsy  
camp and retrieves a Soul  
Seeker. Returning to  
make a stand against the  
Ancient Wyrn, Thorn sees  
that another deamon is  
over near the water.  
Realizing that he has no  
chance of dispatching  
both, he quickly returns  
to Lord Raven's house to  
summon help.

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Lord Raven closes a book  
on Pirates and hears the  
loud clatter of hooves  
coming up the stairs.  
Stepping onto the  
teleporter he comes  
face-to-face with Thorn  
and is told of the  
monstrous beast. Ignoring  
Thorn's pleas to  
accompany him, Raven  
instructs Thorn to find  
Splinter and teleports to  
the Haven Moongate.  
Spurring Ginseng on Lord  
Raven races through Rat  
Alley ignoring the scores  
of ratmen and brigands  
that shout challenges to  
him. Crashing through the  
trees he munches on an  
orange petal and begins  
to say the words that  
have brought him so many  
victories. Vas Corp Por!  
Advancing carefully he  
targets an open area  
near the Ancient Wyrn  
and drops two energy  
vortexes. As their energy  
dissipates he repeatedly  
blasts the monstrous  
beast with every spell  
combination he can  
summon. Many times the  
massive creature was  
close to death, however  
it's beastly mind also had  
knowledge of magery and  
it would heal itself again  
and again. As the battle  
rages the giant beast

repeatedly grazes Raven's armor with it's rows of daggar like teeth. Wiping the sweat from his brow, Raven hears the sound of hoves fast approaching. STOP! DO NOT COME NEAR! Raven shouts, hoping to save some innocent passerby from a horrible death... but a flash of white armor and the whizzing of arrows brings a smile to the old mages face.

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The patrons and particularly the barmaids at the tavern were admiring the comely young lad in the shiny white armor. He spun tales of battles with Dragons and Titans. Outside a commotion as the pounding of horses hooves came up to the door. Startling the drunken patrons, Lord Thorn came crashing through the door, knocking one off it's hinges. Breathing heavily from the exertion of the long ride Thorn gasped... Raven... Ancient Wyrn... Deamon Alley.... GO HELP! Needing no further instruction, Lord Splinter grabbed his bow from the chair and ran thru the door, jumping onto the back of his trusty steed Honor he tore off towards Deamon Alley. After a hard ride Thorn came into the dreaded place and heard the roars of the mighty dragon and the chanting of spells from his long time friend, Raven. Notching arrow to bow and spurring Honor on he let loose a mighty cry... FORUL SOLUM! As he rides past Raven he notices the fingers of his old friend are charred and smoking from the

incredible powers he has  
unleashed at the beast.  
Splinter cries out, "Take  
relief my Lord, I shall  
take up the fight!" The  
first of many arrows  
sails towards the scaly  
hide of the mighty beast,  
striking with the force  
of true aim and strength.  
The Wyrms shudders and  
turns towards Splinter,  
roaring and casting fire  
from its eyes. Unable to  
distract the beast with  
energy vortexes and other  
tricks of magery, Lord  
Splinter relied on his war  
horse Honor to provide a  
steady ride and to keep  
him close enough to  
maintain effective fire  
while escaping the gaping  
jaws of the dragon. Again  
and again firing arrows  
at close range the skilled  
archer drains the monster  
of its strength and life.  
A final arrow pierces the  
throat of the mighty  
beast and it collapses  
heavily to the ground...  
letting out one last long  
growl as life escapes its  
lungs.  
Thorn and Raven ride out  
of the valley... they can  
hear the roars of the  
Deamons but are  
approached by none.  
Perhaps the evil beasts  
have decided it's best not  
to mess with those that  
kill the Ancient Wyrms.  
THE END